

This Copy of "ALLY SLOPER" is a Railway Accident Life Policy for £150. (Nine Claims already Paid.)

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. XI.—No. 525.]

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1894.

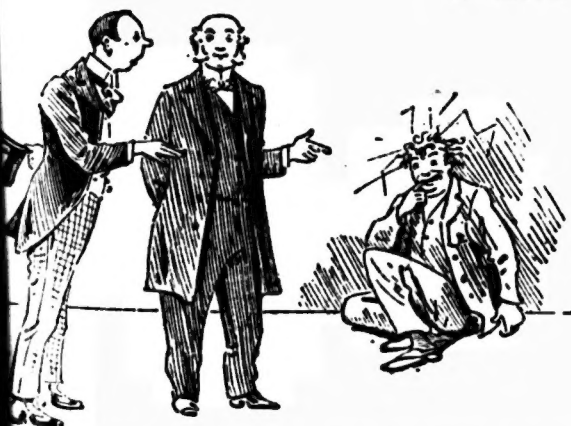
[ONE PENNY



SLOPER TACKLES CRICKET.

"Ever since he ruthlessly burst into the sanctity of our club-room, and thereby upset all our arrangements for the subjection of man, Poor Pa has done nothing but boast of the excellence of his female impersonation. The girls, too, poor things! seem to have quite recovered from their chagrin, and have formed a team of Lady Cricketers, selecting him for their Captain. The first match of the season was to have been against a Shoe Lane Eleven of England. Unfortunately, though, the opposing Captain penetrated Dad's disguise and challenged him to fight. The girls resisted this attack upon their Captain, and a battle royal ensued."—TOOTSIE.

A NATURAL QUERY.



Equivocal Visitor to Asylum (indulging in a little drollery philosophy while being lectured round). Depend upon it, doctor, the principle—indeed, I may say the only quality in life certain to command success, is honesty!



Occupant of Padded-Room (all of whose relatives, thanks to Jabez, are in various parts of the building, and who has himself been rewarded with twopenny for picking up a thousand pounds' worth of notes and restoring them to their lawful owner). I presume I am to vacate this chamber in favour of your friend, doctor?

BOUNCING A JUDGE.

THE following strange case was related by Mr. Baron Garrow upon the trial of a prisoner whose identity was questionable. The judge informed the jury that a few years before a prisoner was on his trial before him upon a charge of highway robbery. He was positively identified by the prosecutor, who even went as far as to say that the man wore the very clothes he had on when the robbery was committed, and the jury were about to retire to consider their verdict when suddenly they were stopped by loud shouts at the door of the court-house.

A man, riding a horse that was covered with foam, threw himself from the saddle and forced his way into the presence of the judge, and in excited tones called on him to stop the case, for he had ridden fifty miles to save the life of the prisoner at the bar. The judge asked for an explanation, when the stranger begged that he might be confronted with the prosecutor who had sworn so positively.

The stranger was dressed in a manner precisely similar to that in which the prisoner was attired—a green coat with brass buttons, drab breeches, and top-boots. Their countenances were so nearly alike that from the transient view the prosecutor had had of the robber, he, after a long examination of each in turn, was unable to fix upon the thief.

The stranger was then questioned as to his reasons for interrupting the trial, and as to his knowledge of the circumstances of the robbery. Upon the former point the only

explanation that could be obtained from him was that he was perfectly certain the prisoner was innocent, and upon the latter he declined to answer any questions, insinuating that, situated as he was, the Court could not compel him to criminate himself. The prisoner now loudly protested his innocence, and the prosecutor owned that he was so confused by the similarity that existed between the prisoner and the stranger, he was unable to swear that the former was actually the thief, and his impression now was that the latter was the offender.

Under these circumstances, it was left to the jury to say whether they could safely declare the prisoner to be guilty, and a verdict of acquittal was in consequence returned. A robbery there was no doubt had been committed, and its commission lay between the person who had just left the dock and the stranger, but the former must be presumed not to be guilty because the jury had come to that conclusion. A bill of indictment was therefore preferred against the stranger, who was taken into custody.

His trial came on in the course of the ensuing day, and a fresh jury being impanelled, the new prisoner was put upon his defence. He replied that he was not guilty. The prosecutor had sworn positively to the person of the prisoner who had been tried on the previous day, and could he now be permitted to alter his testimony as to procure the conviction of another? He had before declared that he could not distinguish the real offender, and what better opportunity had been since afforded him? Besides, his evidence now went only to his "belief" as to the identity of the person charged; and surely if the jury had before acquitted a prisoner to whom he had sworn positively, they would not now convict when his testimony was qualified.

This reasoning was too much for the jury. The prisoner had made no confession of his own guilt, and he was declared not guilty.

What the judge's private opinion of the case was at that time is not given, but not very long afterwards it was discovered that the stranger and the prisoner were brothers. The prisoner was the guilty party, and the whole scare had been got up for the purpose of gulling judge and jury.

No proceedings, however, could be taken against either of the parties, for although the Court had been imposed upon, the imposition had been backed up by no perjury, and so the two thieves—for thieves they were afterwards proved to be—got off scot free.

LAITEST. PRIVIT FORR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

you prapps recommender i predick beense. i av add em proper. mail readers an other whys avoid beense ill poss. i rite this standin upp for reesings.

(Next week, "Hanging.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Thanks for letter, R. H. JENNER. Glad you're of the Ancient's mind. Much obliged for cutting. WALTER, You indeed are very kind. Sorry that your little story isn't any use, F. J. Probably you might, AN ARTIST, But the show would never pay. Don't remember, CHARLEY HASSOP. Have we got your name aright? No, we cannot say, BEGINNER; It's particularly bright. Only just a few, A READER. Thanks for relic, C. F. JAMES. They are most expensive, GUARDY; But we do not know the names. ALLY's not the man, A READER. In a case like that to stint. Sorry, BARNEY, but the number You require is out of print.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

The Largest Circulation of any Illustrated Paper in the World

Forwarded to any part of the World, Sarawak and Bechnanaland excepted, post free:

3 months, 1s. 8d.; 6 months, 3s. 3d.; 12 months, 6s. 6d.

In Stamps or P.O.O.'s payable to GILBERT DALZIEL, "THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Show Cards will be sent post free to Newsagents on application.

PARIS

On sale at all Kiosques and Bookellers, at 20 centimes, or by special arrangement at our

PARIS AGENCY, 22 RUE DE LA BANQUE.

NINE CLAIMS ALREADY PAID.

— £150 —

Will be paid to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who shall happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident to the Train in which they are travelling, in any part of the United Kingdom, PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" be found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published throughout the United Kingdom every Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 9 o'clock the following Wednesday morning.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Registrar. Tell me, please, to what cause, then, do you attribute your insolvency?

Bankrupt. Supporting two wives.

Registrar. What, sir! do you mean to tell me that you are a bigamist?

Bankrupt. Oh, no, one of the wives belongs to my son.

It is not generally known—still, it is an undoubted fact—that the origin of striped dresses came about from a lady in a white frock accidentally sitting down on a gridiron.

X. Don't you find it rather difficult to live in these days?

Y. No, I can't say that I do—I just breathe, you know, that's all.

THE man who shines in company
Succeeds where'er he goes,
Provided that the shine does not
Extend unto his clothes.

Jones. I suppose Miss Sere is getting of an uncertain age now?

Brown. What makes you think so?

Jones. Why, I noticed that their family Bible with the handsome binding has been moved out of the sitting-room. That's always a sign.

TREAD on a man's corn and he'll probably forgive you. Touch his pocket, and you'll make him your enemy for life.

Sprightly. Yes, I proposed to her. I thought it best to put matters straight at once, and I told her plainly my brains were my fortune.

Friend. Was it wise, old chap, to admit your awful poverty like that?

Cholly. So poor Algy's married after all? Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Algy. So I heard. Poor boy! Did he marry well?

Cholly. Oh, no; I was present—and he broke down altogether once, and fairly burst into tears when the girl took his arm.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 525.—The "London Concierge" Costume.



If you want a handy chap to look after your—ahem!—interest, well, here's your man.

"Have you got Goldsmith's Greece?" "No, sir; but we've a treatise on Anti-Fat."



Second-rate Actor. By gosh! I almost wish I was, for the time being, a pretty lively earthquake.

Actress. Why so?

Second-rate Actor. Because then I might stand some chance of bringing down the house.



A lady who was neither young nor good-looking, but so attractive.

AUTHORS—AUTHENTIC.

No. 7.—Alfred Tennyson. (Alfred tennising.)

In a Shower of Rain.
Husband. Why don't you hold your umbrella down more, you'll get your dress completely ruined.
Wife. Oh, I can't help that; it's my complexion I'm so anxious about.

The very latest ascent of Snowdon was that of a young lady, who was so modest that she went up there solely for the purpose of trying on a pair of twenty-button boots. She was afraid, if she lived below in the wicked, civilized world, someone might have had a chance of seeing whether her ankles were seven and a half inches or not.

Editor. I notice you write on only one side of the paper.
Poet. Certainly; the usual custom, I understand.
Editor. Well, may I make a suggestion?
Poet. I shall feel honoured.
Editor. Don't write on either.

To be a woman we should not
Particularly care.
For oh, how she must long at times
For one good hearty swear.

'Arry (to Pal, who has been holding famous Trainer's horse). Did yer ask him which was goin' to win, Bill?
Bill (sententiously). Yes.
'Arry. Did he answer yer?
Bill. Yes.
'Arry (eagerly). D'yer think he told yer true?
Bill. Yes.
'Arry. Wot did he say?
Bill. He said as how he didn't know.

First M.P. The members of your party are Judases.
Second M.P. And of yours ditto—without the Jude!

"WHY, Mr. Staylate," asked the sporting dame, with a yawn, as the clock chimed eleven, "why are you like a non-starter for the Derby?" He gave it up. "Because," she responded, "you won't go." And the next minute he was searching for his hat.

Nobody. How was it you first began to realise you were famous, old man?

Celebrity. Oh, I received a request asking me to write a testimonial for somebody's patent pill.

Johnnie. Boo—hoo, boo—hoo!
Mother. What's the matter, Johnnie?
Johnnie. Oh, boo—Tommy—hoo—has hurt—boo—my hand—hoo—and knocked all the skin off it—boo—hoo—hoo!
Mother. How did he do that?
Johnnie. Why, I hit at his nose—boo—hoo—and he dodged, and my hand went against the brick wall—boo—hoo—hoo!

It was Lardi who kindly described the graceful dancing of a lovely rival as that of "a cow with a wooden leg, who had been drinking too much rum with its own milk, and had a bunion on its right hind hoof."

THE poet writes for fame, we know,
But if, we're bound to say,
There's also any oof, he's not
The man to say you nay.

"REVENGE is sweet!" as the fair girl remarked, when she ate the two-pound crab that had nipped her the week before when she went out a-bathing.

First Organiser. I see, by the statistics, that trade is lookin' up again.

Second Organiser. That's good news.

First Organiser. Yes, indeed; we'll be able to afford another strike before long.

Charley. Jem and I are not friends now.

Harry. Indeed! how much did you lend him?

Editor of Fishing Journal (to New Assistant). One of your duties will be to write a story for the paper every week. Er—you can draw upon your imagination a little, I suppose.

New Assistant. Oh, certainly; I used to be secretary to a company promoter, and I always had to draw up the prospectuses.

SLOPER accepted a little job lately to interview a criminal in the condemned cell. SLOPER's a good enough wit-slinger in a general way; still, sometimes his language is rather slack. He might have thought of something better than "Alone was the victim of crime! Alone, in that dismal, solitary cell! Alone, like the unmelting lump of sugar in the threepenn'orth of 'Unsweetened'!" "I never wrote nothing of the sort," said ALLY; "it's all that bally Mac's tarradiddles! No more drinks with him this blue moon!"

Mother. Would you care for a doll for a birthday present, Ettie?

Ettie. Oh, I should, mother; but—er—er—

Mother. Yes, dear; any particular sort?

Ettie. Well, yes, mother: I think I should like triplets.

Young Sharpshins. What is an ironical grin, dad?

Old Sharpshins. An ironical grin, my boy, is much the same thing as a steely smile.

At a Strand Restaurant.

Customer. Here, waiter, take this fish to the manager, and ask him to smell it.

Waiter. One minute, sir; the manager is engaged just at present. He's—er—er—smelling another gentleman's fish just now, sir.

'Tis but a little thing, the fly,

But oh, the awful hate

It rouses in the heart of him

Who has a hairless pate.

Non-Smoker. Tobacco, my dear sir, is little better than a poison, I tell you.

Smoker. Oh, nonsense! why, all my forefathers were great smokers.

Non-Smoker. Well, and what does that prove? They're all dead now, aren't they?

"NONE but the brave deserves the 'fare,'" as the guardsman said when he offered to fight the cabby for the needful two bob.

First Dear Little Love. You should have just seen how agitated Jack was when he proposed—he was as white as a sheet, and trembled like a leaf.

Second Dear Little Love. Yes, poor boy; it's funny he's never been able to get over his nervousness after all the experience he's had. It was just the same when he asked me to be his wife.

Every Monday. One Halfpenny.

LARKS.

Full of Funny Pictures and Side-Splitting Reading.

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TOOTSIE AT THE NEW GALLERY.

GIRLS must not ride in smoking carriages. Girls must not smoke. Girls must not take snuff. Girls must not wear trunks and go bicycling. Girls must not



(199) "The Mermaids' Shock."—MATTHEW HALL.

ride on horses the way men do. Girls must not dance the can-can, do the splits or contortionize. Girls mustn't develop their muscles or grow strong, or grow tall, or top and tower over little self-important male men things of the superior animal division. Girls must not tread on and trample out the harmless, unnecessary man.

Good gracious, when I think of the good girls of the good old days gone by! Says one of Ma's books: *The Ladies' Cabinet of Fashion, Music and Romance*, containing the touching history of *Theresa Emmerson*; or, *the Village Beauty*:—"Theresa appeared simply attired in a plain grey silk pelisse, with a Leghorn bonnet. She had no colour in her cheeks. Sometimes her very lips were pale. In looking at her, it might almost be imagined that a statue of the most beautiful alabaster had suddenly been inspired with life."

Theresa is at church, if you please. "During the service Theresa's eyes scarcely wandered from the Book, except to the features of her father. Once she accidentally looked towards the young curate, and then Lord Maintown observed that those pallid features when irradiated by a blush, were lovely as the young morning warmed by the earliest tints of dawn."

Is the new girl to be of this pattern? I think not. The old style of heroine is gone out. She is as the Jew gentleman says of the party who fell out of the balloon, "not in it." The new girl doesn't glide about sighing. She doesn't do hour upon hour of foolish needlework, or paint silly water-colour things that won't sell, or twang the harp and chirp out of tune. If she be married—for a while at least, she may fool around housekeeping and economizing, and connecting dishes of Daring that are the cause of endless surprises, more or less pleasurable. When the money spinner is homeward bound, by rail or bus, or whilst he is having a drink with a man he meets, or a flirtation with a Bar Divinity—the colour of whose hair is the direct reverse of that of his wife, she will perch herself at the window overlooking the dead-lively suburban street, and sit and wait for him whilst his out-of-shape slippers toast inside the fender, and the dish of daring slowly over-cooks in the oven downstairs. The new — But stop, I have got to tell you, I find on reference to the subject of this week's article, not of the new gal, but of the New Gallery.

After all, there's not much difference. The New Gallery contained, the day I went there, a number of pictures, some sculpture, and a lot of pretty frocks. The pretty frocks were, of course, upon their pretty owners; for girls may go to picture shows, and goodness only knows how the painting persons would get on without their patronage and support. All girls are supposed to like music, scent, flowers and pictures; and some really do, but not all. At anyrate, however, they are allowed to go to picture shows and stare (except in some cases: for details apply to Mrs. Grundy) at the pictures.

Which are the pictures to look at and talk about, is, of course, the most important question. You must not miss Sir E. Burne Jones's "Love among the Ruins"; or his "Portrait of Miss Amy Gaskell"—a beautiful face to long remember. "A Greek Idyll," by Mr. Watts, is a frolicsome sea-bathing scene before bathing machines were invented.

Professor Herkomer's gorgeous harmony in white, yellow and red will please you, and so will Mr. Waterhouse's "Ophelia."

Mr. Matthew Hall's, Mr. La Thangue's, and Mr. A. Hartley's contributions are certainly among the best in the Exhibition. I have selected their pictures as suitable subjects for my illustrations this week.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

(55) Startling effect of Hartley's Bull.—A. HARTLEY.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

and "Mother and Child"; and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Big Fish"

seem to suggest Hamlet left out—on purpose. But give the New Gallery a chance. There is much to admire and praise. They did stare at me.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "Flowering Apple Trees"

A BRIGHT IDEA.

THERE was no doubt whatever about it, the unfortunate woman was very ill—very ill indeed. Even the doctor confessed as much, and when a medical practitioner does this, you may be fairly certain that things are looking very serious.

For days the patient had lain in a state of coma, heedless of her surroundings, taking but little nourishment and that mechanically, and when the M.D. put in his appearance upon the eighth or ninth morning, he shook his head gravely.

"This will never do," he said, "something must be done to rouse her from this stupor, to make her conscious of her condition, or I won't answer for the consequences. Once get her, for instance, to recognise her husband or children, and she'll begin to feel an interest in life again and mend rapidly."

They brought the tearful, half-scared youngsters up from the nursery, and tried to get her to notice them. But she failed to do so, and only sighed wearily as she fell back faintly on the pillow.

Her husband called her by her name, spoke lovingly to her, and entreated her to rouse herself.

In vain.

Suddenly a happy thought struck the half-distracted man. Leaving the room for a few minutes, he returned with a long, bulky envelope, which he waved before the sufferer's half-closed eyes.

"Here, Alice," he cried—"Alice, listen, dear—Remnant and Two-three have sent in a catalogue of their Great Spring Clearance Sale, everything greatly under cost price."

The effect was electrical. "What!" she gasped, "sale, did you say? Oh, let me look at the list;" and snatching it from her husband's fingers, she eagerly tore off the wrapper.

The doctor smiled, felt the patient's pulse, and put away his watch with a satisfied air.

"She'll do nicely," he said; "it was a capital idea of yours, sir, she has something to live for now, the crisis is past."

It was, and ere the sale was over, the patient had so far recovered as to be able to go down in a cab and pick up one or two positively dirt cheap bargains at the Oddment Counter.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

THE editor sat alone in his den, mutilating his regular contributors' copy, when a knock came at the door, and a middle-aged man of shabby-genteel aspect and poetical appearance made his entry.

"Well, sir," said the editor, sharply.

"I have here," said the stranger, producing a roll of MS. from his pocket; "I have here a little thing which—"

"Pardon me," said the ink-slinger, "we have no space—none whatever."

"But, this," said the visitor, "is—"

"I don't care a darn what it is," snapped the editor; "whether it is a poem, or an ode, or an epic, or a sonnet, we haven't got any room for it, and you can take it elsewhere."

"But it isn't any form of poetry, I tell you," persisted the other, "it's—"

"Confound it, sir. Don't I tell you I don't care what it is, we're shock full of stories, poetry, articles, and shall be for the next twelvemonth. Good morning."

"Good morning," said the stranger cheerfully. "I wanted to tell you I'd got an advertisement here for the whole of the back page, for six months; but I daresay I shall be able to get some one to accept it."

And he closed the door softly as the man of letters swooned quietly away.

UNKIND.

Neighbour. Hallo, Noosance, what are you making that row for? Noosance. I am learning the trombone.

Neighbour. What on earth for?

Noosance. Why, to keep the wolf from the door in case had times come.

Neighbour. Good enough for that, I should think, and keep everything else from the door that has any ear for music.

A NEEDLEWORKER.

ON hearing from my eldest son

Of her to whom he paid his

Addresses, I believed her one

Who dresses made for ladies.

For, when I questioned him, he said,

"The truth I will not shirk:

The maiden I intend to wed

Exists by needlework."

But when their nuptial knot was tied,

My breast with ire was laden

To find he'd taken for a bride

A hard-worked scullery maiden.

"You told me, varlet, that your love

By needlework was living!"

"I did: and proof of it, dear gov.,

Requires but little giving.

Each morn my darling lights six fires,

Blackleads three grates or four,

Then all the livelong day perspires

With scrubbing stairs and floor.

At dull, dull tasks on bended knee,

She labours like a Turk:

So said I in good sooth that she

Exists by KNEE-DULL-WORK!"

AFTER THE MAUL.

SURGEON SCALPEL and Doctor Dynamo left the house together.

"Let me see," said the surgeon, "you are going Harley Street-

wards, I think? If you're agreeable we'll walk along together."

"Greatest of pleasure."

And they started.

"I think, my dear Dynamo," remarked Scalpel, with that bland

naivety that a sawbones assumes when he's about to carve a

patient's liver into steaks and fillets; "I think, my dear Dynamo,

that the operation we have just performed is probably the most

successful on record. I shall write it up and send it to the

History."

"I certainly should. I believe a tumour of such a prodigious size

has never been so speedily removed before. Magnificent!"

"Just so. It must have weighed close on seventeen pounds!"

"Oh, more than that, sir; eighteen, at the very least!"

"What a brilliant success!"

"Glorious triumph, glorious!"

"Well, here's Harley Street—good-morning!"

"By-by! By the way, I wose I shall see you at the funeral?"

AFTER REFLECTION.

Morning.

Pretty Serrant. How long do you think the job will take?

Pumber. Oh, a day or two, Miss.

Noon.

Pretty Serrant. How long did you say you thought this job

would take?

Pumber. A month at least, my dear.

Night.

Pretty Serrant. How long do you really think you will be over

this job?

Pumber. I shall try and make it last for ever.

FROM A DETECTIVE'S DIARY.

I HAD scarcely disposed of the morning's correspondence and my seventeenth pipe, when a telegraph boy stumbled up the stairs with a wire for me. "Come down at once," I read. "I wish to consult you professionally—Staggers." The sender I knew well by reputation—an elderly nobleman, Lord Geoffrey Staggers, whose marriage late in life to a youthful actress at the Jollity, had excited the ire of his relatives and the interest of the society papers.

In two minutes—I had learnt the value of time in my long experience—in two minutes I had packed my portmanteau with sufficient things to last a few months, and was speeding towards Paddington in a hansom. It was evening before I arrived at my destination, a stately mansion in the loveliest part of Clodshire, but his lordship had given orders that I was to be conducted straight into his presence, and, not even staying to wipe my boots, I followed the haughty menial to the library.

Lord Staggers motioned me to a chair and commanded the man to bring refreshments and begone. He was looking very careworn, I thought, and his handsome face was lined with wrinkles that my experienced eye at once detected were not the result of advancing years.

"Your fame as a detective has reached me, Mr. Sniffler," said his lordship; "your discoveries in the celebrated Diseased Cats' Meat case stamped you at once as a man of exceptional ability, and I have sent for you, therefore, in order that you may try and unravel a mystery which, I frankly own, is preying on my mind."

I bowed. "Your lordship flatters me," I said, "but may I ask the particulars of the affair?"

"They are as follows," he responded. "For a long time past, many months, a number of most inexplicable disappearances have occurred."

"Jewels—cash—plate?" I queried.

"Not at all," said the nobleman. "Wine, spirits and cigars."

"Is that all?" I exclaimed, somewhat disappointed.

"No," said his lordship; "portions of my wardrobe, my shirts, my ties, my collars, my links and studs are also being spirited away." "You will undertake the case?"

"I will," I said, earnestly, absently pouring myself out half a tumbler of brandy; "I will unearth the secret if I stay here six months."

The following morning I went for a stroll in the grounds. They were charming. I returned to a dainty lunch, and over a big cigar and a brandy and seltzer I decided that it would be unwise to hasten the course of a case of this magnitude, and I determined to do nothing towards unravelling it for a

month or two. I therefore questioned all the servants and got

his lordship to entertain me with full particulars every evening.

As the fourteenth week expired he got anxious, and I thought it best to tell him I had got a clue. I drew a cheque from him on the strength of it.

The weather began to get chilly soon after, and I decided to discover something.

I had long ago made up my mind that Lady Staggers was at the bottom of the affair. I learnt from the butler that she had remarked to her husband that I was making a pretty long job of it.

One night a peal of silvery laughter smote upon my ear. It came from her ladyship's boudoir.

I crept up and tried the handle. Locked! I ascended to the roof, slid down a water pipe, and, hanging by my teeth alone to the slender stem of a grape vine, peered cautiously into the boudoir window.

What a sight met my gaze!

Seated in easy attitudes around a table loaded with wine and spirits and cigars, were Lady Staggers and half a dozen feminine friends. They all wore semi-masculine garb, and smoked furiously.

Her ladyship, wearing one of the missing shirts and neckties, rose as I hung in my perilous position.

"Ladies," she said, "as president of our newly formed Society for the Adoption of Masculine Modes and Manners, I beg to propose—"

I stayed to hear no more. Releasing my hold, I dropped lightly to the ground, eighty feet below, and made my way to his lordship.

I had solved yet another great mystery.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.

They all wore semi-masculine garb.



IN FRANCE

Boy. I want a 'ap'orth of dynamite.
Rural Grocer. What for, my little man?
Boy. To blow up my school; I have had enough of it.



"Uho, Bill! you have turned out a toff to-day! What's up?" "Why, you see, the Duke of Kembridge is comin' to open the new pump down our street, and one must keep the 'spectability of the bloomin' neighbourhood up!"



"My good man, you entirely misunderstand the meaning of the card." "No I don't; you say you recovers umbrellas. Now, I've lost mine, and I expect you to find it at once, and I won't leave this 'ere place till yer do."



"I made such an impression on a young swell by falling on his head some time ago, that now he is going to marry me."—
Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

•• Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 339.—MISS CONNIE TAYLOR.

"Could she but guess one tithe of how I love her."

—The Duck Snook.

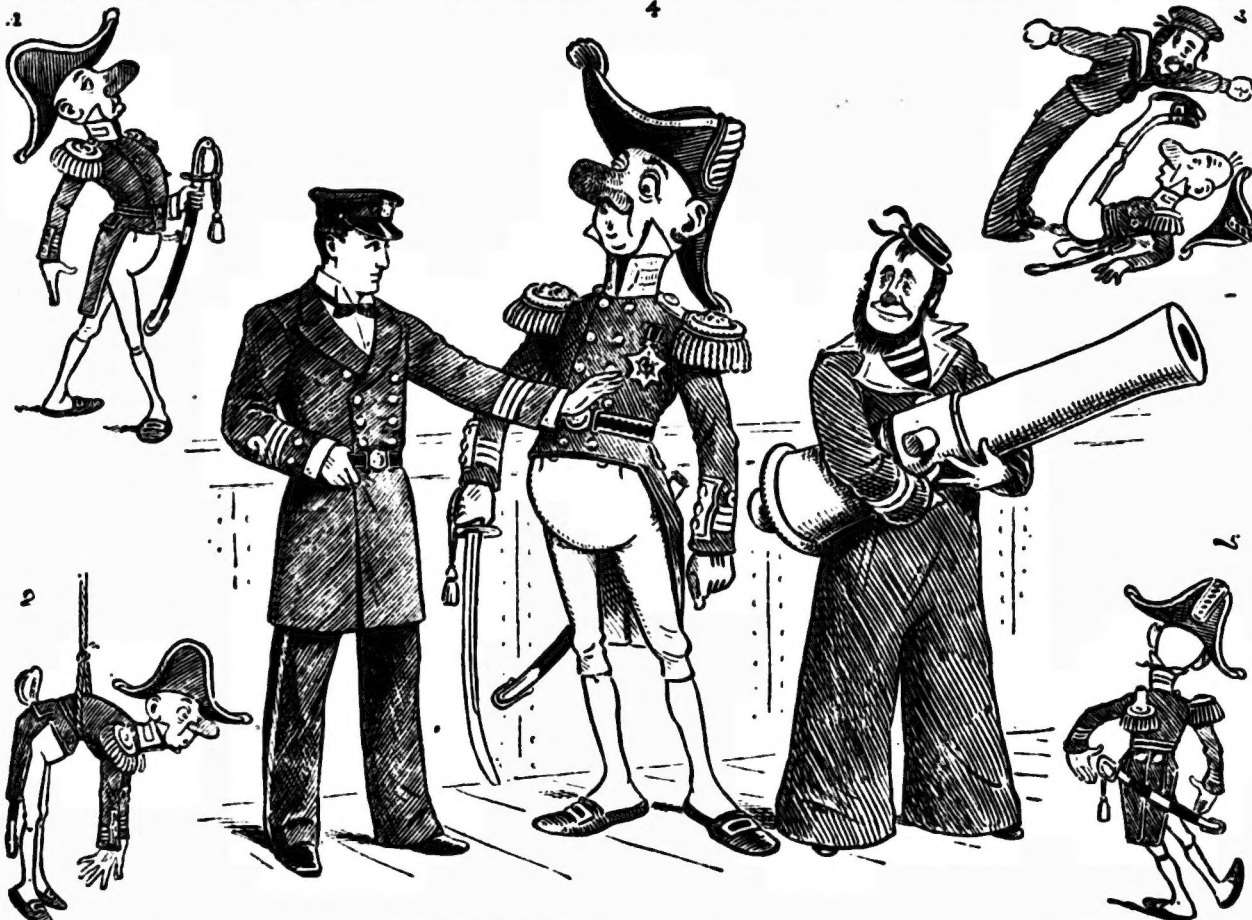
"A type of perfect loveliness is she."

—Lord Lob.

"Alas! that passion such as mine should go all unrewarded."

—The Lion, Billy.

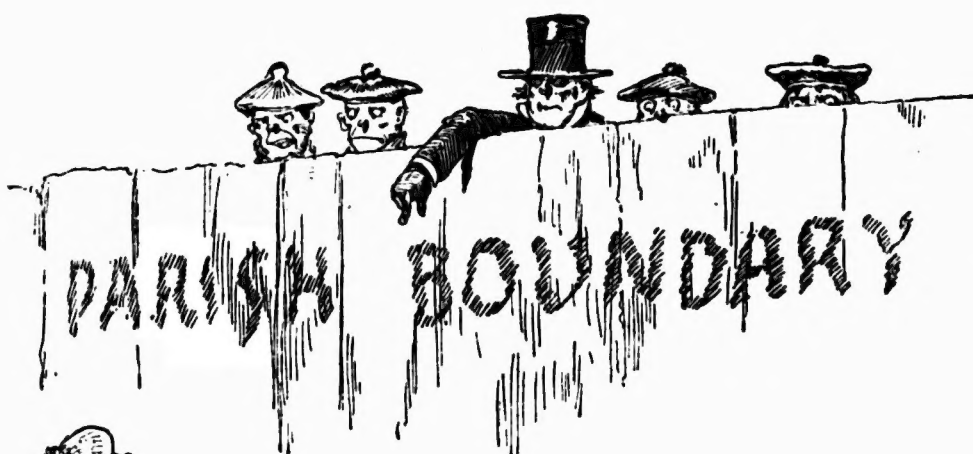
DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—THE POLUSKI BROTHERS.



"The good ship *Buster*, off Brixton.—Dear sir,—Thank you for your kind offer to interview my brother, Lieutenant Sam, and self. We shall be proud and delighted to welcome you on board the above vessel at eight bells to-morrow.—Yours truly, WILL POLUSKI (Bo'sun)." To do honour to the occasion, A. SLOPER donned his admiral's uniform of *H.M.S. Rose Street*.—(1) And steered for Brixton, where he found, in place of a gymnasium, those clever artists had erected a full-rigged ship in their back garden whereon to practise.—(2) A line was thrown out to Admiral SLOPER, and he was hoisted aboard. "Come aboard, sir," said he, saluting Lieutenant Sam, who stood at the gangway to receive him, and returned the salute by performing a series of flip-flops the whole length of the deck; Bo'sun Will standing attention with their one ton gun, out of which he fired a salute when Admiral SLOPER was not looking, taking that gallant officer unawares and making him jump nearly out of his uniform. The ship's company consisted of Lieutenant Sam, Bo'sun Will, and two remarkably well-drilled A.B.'s, who remained stock still without moving a muscle during the whole of this imposing ceremony. "Well, my men," said Admiral SLOPER to the A.B.'s, "any complaints?" Admiral SLOPER believes that is the right question for superior officers to put to their subordinates. But the A.B.'s replied ne'er a word. "Why don't you answer the Admiral?" demanded Lieutenant

Sam, severely. "At your honour's parlor," said Bo'sun Bill, pulling his forelock, "but when them A.B.'s show signs of insubordination, we just pounces 'em. We find that's the right thing to keep order aboard the *Buster*." "Ah! say ye so?" inquired Admiral SLOPER. "E'en so, my Lord High Admiral.—(3) "Then, this to your boko!" cried Admiral SLOPER, landing the tallest a once straight from the shoulder. The next moment the Brave Old Sea Lion was on his back from a blow delivered with the whole weight of the A.B.'s body. "Mutiny!" cried Lieutenant Sam, while Bo'sun Will fired signals of distress from the one ton gun, at the same time flying Blue Peter, upside down, from the mizen fore top gallant shroud. "Struck!" thundered the Admiral, gaining his feet; "then there's one of us for old Davy!"—(4) "Hold!" shouted Lieutenant Sam, "this is a case for a Court Martial!" which was immediately held on the dummy figure, for such they were, in the main top; and Admiral SLOPER, under the one hundred and tenth article of war, was found guilty and condemned to splice the main brace. Then, at his suggestion to make things more sociable all round, the Poluski's were similarly condemned under some other article, A. SLOPER really forgets which.—(5) The sentence on each case being so thoroughly carried out, that the Gallant Old Admiral when homeward bound had to tack the whole voyage.

A WELL MEANT EFFORT FRUSTRATED.



(1) "Laird," said the Minister o' Kirple-Hurdie, "I'm thinkin' a wee bit Meesony effort wi'lna' be misplacit here." "Losh me, aye," said the Laird, "jist loup over the Boundary an' begin wi' McNab. Tak' yer hand o' Hope wi' ye."



(2) As the Missionary hand reached his door, the Elder was cooing out to gie his razor a bit touch-up on a favourite stane. "Mercy me!" shrieked the Minister, "tak' me back tae Bonnie Kirple-Hurdie!"

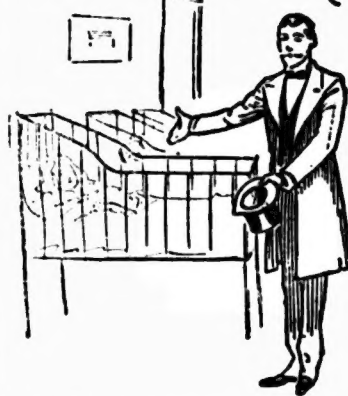
MAJESTY-AT-MANCHESTER.



Where the money goes.



The Pretty Pipers Photo.



A Deserving Charity.



Pleasant Sunday Afternoons.



Another record.



Bushy in bloom.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Here I am again, my noble friends and patrons, fit and well after the Whitsuntide festivities, from which I trust you are all sufficiently recovered to be able to properly appreciate my tasty show:—The drivers find it hard to pay The hire of cabs from day to day:—She donned the piper's clothes that she, Arrayed like that, could photoed be:—The Duke of York, the other day, Presided

in his kindly way:—A nasty job 'twill be, no doubt, Unless a break comes in the drought:—The Horneguards' band at present may be heard at Windsor every day:—It's really wonderful the breaks That Roberts—England's champion—makes:—The Chestnut Avenue once more Attracts its thousands, as of yore.—Ta ta! THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



Arry. Is that the Blough train?
Mr. Porter. Now; that's the isprom.



Aunt Winkright (to "revolted daughter"). Law bless me! you can't tell which is which of the children, nowadays. Who's this? Is it Harold in his golfing suit, or Maud in her cycling "get-up"?



"Here's the Belle right enough, the puzzle is where to find the Bean."
(Solutions should be sent in not later than this time twelve years.)



The music-hall influence has extended even into the Penny Readings at Fuddleton Magna. This is Miss Ruraklean in her song and dance—"My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair."



"And what have you got your umbrella up for, like a fool?"
"Not a fool, my dear; all shensible persons put their rumbrels up in a storm."

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE fact that the Tower Bridge is completed and is not yet open to the general public has aggravated the Eminent beyond measure.



To the Prince of Wales, as most of us are aware, has been dedicated the task of presiding at the opening ceremony. Unfortunately, though, his Royal Highness's duties will not permit him to undertake the job for some weeks to come. No one has regretted this more than A. SLOPER. His scheme, though, for having a sort of preliminary opening on the afternoon of Tuesday last, was nipped in the bud. The officials controlling the Bridge somehow did not appreciate the Eminent's efforts on behalf

of the public. Probably they thought that cold tea was not sufficiently invigorating to sustain them through such an ordeal. Be this as it may, though, A. SLOPER considers they were a trifle unkind in kicking him into the river. His well-known objection to water in any shape should have preserved him from such a fate.

METAPHOR is evidently not the sporting reporter's strong point. The *Sporting Life's* correspondent commenced his description of the race for the Kempton Park Stakes with, "Time, with noiseless feet, seems to have flown," etc. We have all heard of the flight of time, but the discovery that it flies with its feet, has been left to the ingenious racing reporter of the *Life*.

A CONTEMPORARY wants to know how long it will be before the public tire of the, at present, all-pervading "woman question." Not for a long time yet, we fancy. The successful novel, the successful play, continues to deal with the subject; whilst every writer of any eminence whatever has a go at it in some form or other. It's a fine subject to write upon, but we question whether any ultimate good will ever come of the discussion. Still, the girls ought to feel flattered that they are commanding so much attention just now; though, after all, it isn't more than the darlings deserve.

THE mildewed *Littérateur* has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon GEORGE MOORE, because he's an eminent novelist. "Feyther," lisped the Azure-Orbed as he put down the much-discussed Esther Waters, "George grows Moore interesting than ever, don't 'e?" And the Aged smote his offspring to the earth with one well directed bash.

MIDLE. YVETTE GUILBERT, the great French danseuse, who has been appearing at the Empire since Wednesday, the 9th inst., has scored a tremendous success. The management will do well to renew the engagement, which, we believe, originally intended to cover a period of but ten days.

WE are glad to see that the destruction of Epping Forest has been arrested—temporarily, at any rate. Epping, like Hampstead, is 'Arry's 'Appy 'Unting Ground, and why do anything to detract from his enjoyment? It is not often he gets the chance of a beano.

TRADESMEN in general and outfitters in particular are hereby cautioned to give no credit to Master Alexandry Sloper whatever; who, like a certain other young gentleman, has also developed an expensive taste for hundred guinea dressing bags and other trifles. The Eminent washes his hands of all responsibility.

SOME people say the only crime is poverty. Henry Arthur Jones is not a criminal. Some people say the only clever people are those who make money. Henry Arthur Jones is a clever man—because he makes money. And we envy him the money he's going to make out of *The Masqueraders*. We've been to the St. James's. It's just as we thought. It's a bold, dashing, flashy, exciting, highly improbable but smartly written melodrama, which interests you in spite of yourself. During the action of the bidding for the kiss one is quite carried away; but fancy putting a lady up to be kissed by a lot



of so-called gentlemen. But go and see *The Masqueraders*. In spite of yourself, we repeat, it carries you away while you are looking at it: you're arrested and pleased. You witness the final descent of the curtain with a pang of regret. A piece which holds you and impresses you like this speaks eloquently enough for the author, and more eloquently for his interpreters.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

VARIETY is everything, now-a-days, as we all know. This remark is especially applicable to Music Halls. Given a varied programme, and the success of any Hall is assured. Mr. C. R. Brighton, the manager of the Oxford, is undoubtedly an advocate of this theory. Variety with him is the essence of existence. That his policy is the right one there can be no gainsaying. The Oxford is at present one of the best patronised halls in the metropolis. The following names are culled at random from the programme, which comprises twenty first-class turns: Dan Leno, Eugene Stratton, George Beauchamp, Tom Bass, George Robey, Marie Lloyd, Ada Lundberg, and J. Manard, with his bullet proof coat.

AN obscure society of busybodies, calling themselves the "Anti-Gambling League," are endeavouring to attract attention by announcing that they intend to take legal proceedings against all owners of race courses and turf clubs. Now, indeed, shall we tremble for the fate of Tattersall's and the Jockey Club, and speculate as to how long before the Derby, the St. Leger and the Cesarewitch are abolished. Seriously, though the whole idea is so childishly and sublimely ridiculous, as to be beneath contempt. Let the A. G. L. stand for Anti-Gambling Lunatics) continue their operations to the abolition of the Church Bazaar Raffle, or the suppression of chuck-farthing. They will find their iniquities just within the scope of these means and capabilities.

THE fact that the Hon. Billy is engaged upon a series of poems for *Larks*; need cause no disquietude among the myriad readers of that increasingly popular h'porth. The editor has several "declined with thanks" forms handy, in case the Hon. sends stamps; and if not, well, there's plenty of room in the big waste paper basket. You take our tip, only the very brightest stuff ever finds its way into this truly marvellous comic.

THE British tramp is not, as a rule, a particularly choice specimen of humanity, but from all accounts of the Coxey riots across the herring pond, we think we should prefer him to the American variety. He hasn't yet taken to stealing trains and pillaging villages, neither does he engage in conflict with the military, and blaze around him with a six-shooter. No—idle, lazy, dirty, dishonest vagabond as he is, we certainly give him a place in our affections above those made in America.

LONDON is seldom without a strike of some sort or other, and the latest threatens to be a cabmen's. It is the old story. Hard-hearted, relentless owners, and long-suffering drivers, who can't stand the extra two bob a day put on during the spring and summer. We are all rather inclined to be down on the poor cabby when he tries to get a bit over his legal fare; but, as a matter of fact, if everybody paid him the latter, he wouldn't earn enough to settle for the hire of his vehicle. This is a bad state of affairs, and until it is altered, the periodical strikes will continue to take place. Meanwhile, unless some understanding is arrived at London will be inconvenienced by the loss of the greater number of its cabs—and just in the thick of the season too. Those who don't strike will, of course, reap a rich harvest, whilst the plebeian omnibus will unquestionably do better biz. than ever.

ALTHOUGH he has not altogether severed his connection with the legal profession, there can be little doubt that with his promotion to the Judicial Bench, Sir Charles Russell's political career has terminated. It is a great pity. Sir Charles was as brilliant a politician as he was an advocate. It will be a very difficult task to find a man capable of stepping into his shoes. Possibly the only man in the world worthy of succeeding Sir Charles—or to be correct, Lord Russell—is A. SLOPER. Unfortunately, though, at present the latter's time is taken up by more important things.

A. SLOPER's brilliant break of ten, in a billiard-room in the vicinity of Shoe Lane, is at present the chief topic of conversation in Fleet Street. The break was not made with a cue but with the family gingham. Unfortunately, too, the billiard table had very little to do with the break, which cost A. SLOPER ten shillings. Champagne glasses are expensive articles to break. A shilling a head is quite cheap in this neighbourhood.

WE learn that the Sultan of Turkey is turning over in his mind whether he will honour London with a visit this summer. This is interesting. We have, most of us, learnt much concerning the habits of the Turk from a course of visits to "Constantinople," and



If the august ruler really does put in an appearance, Mr. Kiralfy ought to induce him to show himself at Olympia for an hour or two daily. The attraction would be heightened if his Majesty brought the harem with him; and the only difficulty would be the insufficient accommodation of St. James's Palace, where the Sultan will put up as the guest of the Queen.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING 26TH MAY, 1894.

20th May, 1771.—This day a florist at Harlem refused ten thousand florins for a hyacinth, the "sanguine flower inscribed with woe." In 1639, 120 tulips were sold at Alkmaar for 90,000 florins.

21st May, 1887.—This day a burglar was captured at Seacombe, Cheshire. The prisoner gave the name of William Moody, and, on being searched, there was found in his possession nearly £30 in gold, together with some silver and copper, a dagger and a number of housebreaking implements. There was also a receipt for a yacht, which the prisoner had bought from Mr. Sherlock, boat-builder; and on taking possession of this, which was lying in the river, the police discovered that it was equipped ready for sea, the prisoner having stated when he purchased the craft that it was his intention to go to Norway to fish and shoot. Stowed away in the yacht, and at the lodgings which Moody occupied prior to buying the yacht, was found a very valuable collection of watches, chains, brooches, and other articles of jewellery, together with purses containing large sums of money, all of which the Cheshire police had reason to believe were the proceeds of previous burglarious raids.

22nd May, 1880.—The following is from the *Surrey Comet* of this date:—"Never have I known those tree proverbs more exactly verified—

"Oak before ash,
Have a splash;
Ash before oak,
Have a soak!"

Here, in Mid-Surrey, we have had scarcely 'a splash' of rain for weeks, and would welcome now a day or two of last year's ceaseless 'soak.'

23rd May, 1885.—The old burial ground of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, was opened as a public garden this day. Thirty-two years had elapsed since this ground was closed for interment, for which purpose it had been previously used for considerably more than a century. Churchill, the satirist, was for some time curate and lecturer at the church from which the ground takes its name. His sermons there exercised, by his own account, a soothing influence on the congregation; for, speaking of them in verse, he states, "Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew." He was sadly wanting in reverence—so much so, indeed, that he was always in hot water with his parishioners, and ultimately had, in consequence of their complaints, to resign his cure.

24th May, 1886.—A newspaper of this date says:—"A singular discovery has just been made on the Alveston Hill estate, near Stratford-on-Avon. A litter of eleven foxes, apparently about six weeks old, all quite tame and docile, have taken possession of a rabbit-hole in a bank at the foot of a clump of trees. The young cubs, notwithstanding the presence of many people attracted to the spot by the novel sight, leave their hole and drink occasionally at a trough containing milk, which has been placed there for their use. The animals are as tame as puppies, and the visitors easily induce them to come forth by whistling softly and calling them. They are content to be picked up and caressed, and they play in the most amusing manner. An artist has been to the spot and photographed the whole group. It is the opinion of Lord Wiloughby de Broke, who has several times visited the spot to look at the cubs, that the dog-fox has been killed, and that the vixen has carried her cubs to the place mentioned. Workmen are engaged building two silos within thirty yards of the spot. Their operations in no way disconcert the young foxes, who occasionally come out and associate with the men. The two curious things about this are the extraordinary number of eleven cubs in a litter, and the fact of their being so docile when six weeks old."

25th May, 1880.—Mrs. Georgina Weldon was this day sentenced, at the Central Criminal Court, to four months' imprisonment for a libel on M. Rivière.

26th May, 1703.—Samuel Pepys this day died at Clapham. "A very worthy, industrious and curious person," says Evelyn.

CLARIBEL LOW LIETH.
(AFTER TENNYSON.)

I.
THE matron sorely weepeth,
For o'er her mind there creepeth
Mistrust, that hourly groweth,
Till all her gladness goeth.

II.
Yes, wondrously she feareth
That, when her spouse appeareth
At home, or thence migrateth,
Her cook he osculateth.

III.
At last so wild she waxeth,
That Claribel she axeth
If (when she him admitteth,
Or when the house he quitteth)
Her lips he o'er saluteth:
Which Claribel refuteth.

IV.
Yes, Claribel denieth
The fact, and meekly sigheth,
"He ne'er to kiss me trieth!"
But—CLARIBEL LOW LIETH!

A DIRE CATASTROPHE.

HE was only a commercial traveller in the rag line, and a married man into the bargain; a couple of circumstances that were in no way to his detriment, though they hopelessly divested him of any glamour of romance that might have surrounded him. And when he turned up at the Manchester the morning after a protracted "journey" of a couple of months in the North, he seemed unusually depressed, and didn't take to his stout-and-bitter kindly. "Something's the matter, old chappie," said Johnnie Crippmarcott, in the hide and skin interest; "what is it?" "Oh—er—the missis is in a bit of a paddy, to start with." "Well, you can square her with a bit of a bonnet. That's easy." "The cat's croaked, and we're overrun with mice." "Soon get another. Cats are cheap enough, goodness knows!" "Kid's got the measles." "I'll—well, shut him up in a dark room an' keep him warm, an' he'll pull round." "The parrot's chewed the rim off my best top hat." "You can always get a fresh one out of the rack at your club." "Company's cut off the water." "Rough. Still, might ha' been worse—they might 'a' cut off the beer." "And the missis has sacked our pretty governess." "Oh, Moly Hoses! No wonder you've got the hump!" For such a dire catastrophe there was only one remedy, and they were still applying it when the bars closed.

Every Wednesday. Twopence.

JUDY.

Best Artists. Best Authors.

EDITED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

39 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

OPENING OF THE CRICKET SEASON.



WHY do some people look so unkind?
Why are the footballers glum?
Why do the golfers all say with one mind,
They're sorry that summer has come?
Why are some others, now, all full of glee—
Why are they looking so gay?
'Tis easy to say—for, don't you see,
Cricketing starts in May.
Away with the football, likewise the skate,
The niblick, and also the creak;
Such instruments now are quite out of date,
They're used not once in a week.
Bats, stumps and balls, also cricket-ball
Are now the vogue of the day.
Every sport has, in turn, its own call—
Cricketing starts in May.

So now give three—yes!—three times a cheer
For our truly national sport,
Which goes on for nearly five months of the year—
If it doesn't, it certainly ought.
There's one thing of which there's no possible doubt,
Which is, that of sports of to-day
Cricket by far is the best out and out,
And cricketing starts in May.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

Oh, yes, I know what you will say at once. A married man, with a wife and two healthy kids at home, ought to know better than to get up a flirtation with a pretty and unprotected girl in a railway carriage; and as to giving a false name and address, and promising faithfully to take her to the "Industries" on the following Saturday, positively scandalous, of course.

admit it, admit it at once—but there, I couldn't help it, and that's the truth of the matter. She was so deuced pretty, so smart, so chic and roguish-looking that if my mother-in-law had been in the next compartment, I'd have chanced it.

She was a bit haughty with me at first, but that only served to draw me on, and under the genial influence of my fascinations her reserve gradually melted, and we were soon chatting delightfully.

Don't ask me what I said. I really don't remember. What does a man situated as I was usually do? He lies ninety nine times out of a hundred, and gentle reader, I didn't prove the exception. I told 'em by dozens: dozens, did I say?—by hundreds would be nearer the mark. I can't say exactly how I put it, but I know the impression I tried to convey, was, that I was a bachelor of unlimited means, with town chambers, and a country house, horses, carriages, servants, and all the other luxuries of wealth. She, I learnt, was the daughter of an officer who had died in India, and was on her way to take up her residence under the protecting wing of a rich aunt; but none of my entreaties could induce her to give me the address.

However, she had promised to meet me again, and I was content. I mentally cursed the appointment I had made with a man for that evening, as I had to get out long before my usual station, and so shorten our delightful chat, as well as miss the opportunity of discovering where she got out. One unsatisfactory scrambled sort of kiss I managed to snatch and then the cruel train steamed relentlessly away, and my heart and the fair unknown went with it.

By the time I reached home I had thought out a capital plan for getting away unsuspected on Saturday. I am not quite so hardened that I didn't feel one or two qualms of conscience; but, as I walked up the garden path of my own abode and thought of the unsuspecting spouse whom I was about to hocus—I stilled them, however, and rang boldly.

There was some delay, and I rang again: remembering as I did so, that we'd got a new housemaid coming, and that perhaps she wasn't quite up in her duties yet.

The next moment the door opened and I started back in dismay. There stood the fair unknown herself.



PUT TO THE TEST.

Young Fellowmylad, I say, what would you do if your sweetheart boxed your ears when you kissed her?

Oldboy, I should kiss her again.

Young Fellowmylad, And then suppose she boxed them again, harder than before?

Oldboy, I should think that she wasn't my sweetheart.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

THE GENTLE JEANNETTA.

THRO' the roar of the rushing water,
When the vaulted winds sang high
Of the shipwreck deeds of slaughter
They had wrought in the days gone by.

In the mid of the mad Atlantic,
I could seem to hear thy song,
And, while all the rest were frantic,
I was calm 'mid the fearful throng.

Black as the black fiend's leering,
Black as the noxious gloom
O'er the mouth of Avernus veering,
Black as a dead man's tomb,
Were the skies that incased the stormy

Expanse of that rage-racked night:
But it seemed that thy face hung o'er me,
And my soul was ensnared in light.

They shrieked that the ship was sinking,
But of terror I showed no sign,
For a pretty white hand—unshrinking—
Lay firm, as I thought, in mine.
But the ship through the storm bore boldly,
Yet unflinching, when death comes nigh,

I will feel his cold hand spread coldly,
If thy hand in my hand may lie!



THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

ETHELBERT ROAD, MARGATE, May 10th, 1894.

MY DEAR ALLY,—Just a few lines to let you know that your favourite watering place, merry Margate, is now in full trim for the season, and that the fine weather has brought down the girls and boys already. I feel sure that you will take the earliest opportunity of visiting us when you start your seaside tour, indeed, since the advent of the Twins, you have usually led off at Margate, out of consideration, I suppose, for your interesting offspring. No doubt you tell Mrs. S. that it's such a capital place for children, but you know, you old Don Juan, that it's the jetty that has its attraction for you. Hoping to soon see you here sniffing the briny.

Your sincere admirer, TAFFY.

2 RIVERSDALE ROAD, Highbury, N., May 12th, 1894.

DEAR ALLY.—I write to thank you for conferring on me the distinguished honour of F.O.S. I received the certificate last night, and to-day have seen it stuck in a conspicuous place in the corner pub. Since this unexpected rise in the world, my hat has not fitted me. "Here's luck,"

Always yours, TOM WOOTTWELL.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 218.—HE DISAPPOINTS HIS GOOD ANGEL.

LATELY a letter appeared in the Press, Penned by a pious philanthropist brave, "Six oranges taken each day will in less Than a fortnight extinguish the 'alcohol crave.' " And A. SLOPER, who reads all the whims of the cranks, On perusing that letter, gave Providence thanks.

Forth to the market went SLOPER forthwith,
And the heart of a fruit-dealer filled he with glee,
For he said to the pipster, whose name it was Smith:
"Twelve dozen good oranges send thou to me."
And the soul of the Fossil's Good Angel waxed warm
O'er the Fossil's repentance, the Fossil's reform.

The oranges soon in Court Mildew were stored,
And the pip-dealer person did painfully pule
When A. SLOPER remarked (while he counted the hoard),

"I will pay ye for these at the season of Yule."
But the Fossil's Good Angel evinced no regrets:
"When he's cured of his drink craze, he'll soon pay his debts."

Early next morn to McGooseley and Snook

The Panjandrum cooed low in his dulcet notes,
"Don't say I don't give you no presents. Look! look!
Here's an orange apiece, for to moisten your throats."
Then the Fossil's Good Angel smiled softly with joy:
"He will now eat his own, and his drink-craze destroy!"

But the Mound, when alone, laughed a laugh that was deep.

"Twelve oranges daily I'll give to those twain,
And anon (for distinctly good cellars they keep)
All the booze in their cellars I'll blissfully drain!"
And the tears that the Fossil's Good Angel let flow
Made the rainfall increase for a fortnight or so!

THE MORNING'S REFLECTION.

AND it had been a night, too! He awoke with that terrified feeling that it must nearly be noonday and he'd overslept himself. His better half was not beside him, though that was, after all, not very remarkable.

He arose. As he stepped into his matutinal tub the cold water fairly hissed. He shuddered visibly. A few splashes, a rub down, a hasty toilet, and he descended to the breakfast room, where the matutinal meal awaited him.

He was bound to admit it, he couldn't face the eggs and bacon.

"I feel positively boiled this morning," he remarked, as he recoiled from the steaming coffee. "My head, and hands and feet are all swollen."

"I don't wonder," she replied, and her tones were icily cold. "It's that filthy drink."

"In saying that, Mitilda," he summoned courage enough to remark, "you display your monumental ignorance of the most elementary of natural laws. It is the heat. Heat expands, cold contracts."

"Precisely. That is the very reason for the days being short in winter and long in summer," she lisped.

In his haste to get out he dragged half the cloth off the table, and fell over the slumbering cat.

"Great Scot!" he ejaculated as, fishing his billycock off the hall peg with the remnants of last night's umbrella, he started for the office. "What a thing it is to be married to a scientific woman!"

THE WESTERN BREEZE.

"THEY were heard by me and thee,
O wanton western breeze!
The words he spake 'neath the trysting tree
When he fell on his bended knees
And swore his love by the heavens above.
But now he has crossed the seas.
Has he burdened thee with a sigh for me,
O wandering western breeze!"

"I fain would tell thee naught,
O maid with the plaintive pleas!
For with words of thy love I am fraught,
am fraught,
That would make thy warm blood freeze.
I heard his vows to a chosen spouse
In a land that is o'er the seas.
As I kiss thy cheek, 'tis the truth I speak,
O maid with the plaintive pleas!"

"Drink, drink of my fevered breath,
O woesome western breeze!
A kiss from thee, and a kiss from Death,
And my soul will repose at ease.
But swear, oh! swear that thou wilt not bear
To my darling across the seas
The sigh I sighed ere I sank and died,
O wandering western breeze!"

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A PHYSICAL Allment: Getting drunk on "fizz." "HONESTY is the Best Policy": but the policy of *besting* seems to be more in vogue.

DURING a hail-storm, a growler at the hail may be seen to hail a growler.

"I'm only out for pass-time," as Fagin said when he passed the watch from Hodge's pocket to his own.

Q. Distinguish between the villain of the melodrama, and the proud parent's excommunication of the innocent heroine.

A. Badman: mad ban.
WHEN is a chimney sweep a crossing sweeper?—When he is crossing the Atlantic.

HIS LITTLE GIRL.

CHAPTER X.

THE man whom Jack had accosted turned suddenly and gazed wonderingly at Jack Trevor.

"I am Phil Rance," said he, "but most people stick 'mister' to it and drop the 'Phil'."

"So will I, too, probably," said Jack, calmly, "that is, if I find you deserve it, and you want it particularly."

"And who the deuce may you be?"

"I am John Scarlet Trevor."

"The devil!" said Rance.

"No, sir, not the devil—merely gentleman at large."

"What! I thought you were dead—had drunk yourself dead years ago," said Rance, with a laugh.

"No, I had only a brief burst, like many young men, didn't like it, swore off, and here I am alive, and will probably be kicking," added Jack, pointedly.

"And whom do you propose to kick?" said Rance.

"My father-in-law," said Jack Trevor, composedly.

"Bad things, these family quarrels," said Rance, with a laugh

and a shrug of his shoulders. "I suppose you are in no hurry about the kicking? Let's go and have supper instead at my hotel."

"No, I won't have supper with you, Phil Rance. I hold with the Arabs—to eat no salt with my enemy."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"And I am your enemy? Bless your innocent soul, Mr. Trevor, I'm afraid you're mistaken; I am neither your enemy nor your friend."

"You are my father-in-law," said Jack, bitterly.

"Eh, what's that?—your father-in-law? Then it was Phil Rance you were to kick?"

"Yes."

"It can't be done, Jack," said Rance, as he pulled out a neat little revolver.

"You see, I have some of the old South African traits about me yet, and I would shoot you as soon as look at you, if you offered me the slightest violence. You are twenty years younger than I am, and might possibly kick me; but I think this little instrument puts us square, doesn't it?"

"It does," said Jack.

"I believe it would even induce me to call you mister, if you insisted. So we will abandon the kicking idea, and I will merely ask you a question or two."

"Well, don't ask them here," said Phil Rance. "Come to the hotel, and if you won't eat and drink you can ask all the questions you want."

"Yes, I will go to your hotel with you, Phil Rance. I don't wish to lose sight of you till I have my questions answered. They are of some importance to me."

"Are they very important?" asked Phil Rance.

"They are."

"Come on, then."

A cab was called, and in a moment the two men were whirling towards the Langholm.

There was a decided change in the appearance of Phil Rance, Jack Trevor had to admit to himself as he glanced at the man beside him. He was well dressed, but he did not entirely look like a gentleman. Nor did he look like a snob either. There was a blunt indifference that spoke of the old gambler but with it there was an air of content which spoke of comfortable circumstances, and told that Phil Rance's days of poverty and hardships were past now.

As the cab drew up at the Langholm, Jack remarked, "Pretty high place for you to put up at, Phil Rance."

"I can afford it," said Phil Rance, with a shrug of his shoulders, "and I don't see why I shouldn't. I hadn't much fun in my young days, and I intend to have the best of everything now."

"Was that the reason you were at that theatre to-night?"

"Just that. Lord bless you, when I first came to home I tried Italian Opera and high class oratorio. Couldn't stand them, so I went in for melodrama. I like that," he said, as the cab drew up, and he led the way to his private room.

"Now then, Jack Trevor, trot out your questions," he said, as he faced Jack.

"Tell me, then, where is your daughter?" said Trevor, abruptly.

"I never had a daughter," said Phil Rance.

(To be continued next week.)



Gazed wonderingly at Jack Trevor.



"This little instrument puts us square."



"Trot out your questions."

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 360.—MR. LATHAM BARNES, F.O.S.

Although not yet a Royal Academician, Latham Barnes is an artist of no mean ability. Most of his work will compare favourably with that of many of the leading painters of the day, and the artistic world has not yet ceased to talk of his life-like portrait of Snatcher. His love for the canine species is almost proverbial, and a dog that would bark at him, except in the way of friendship, would deserve to lose its licence. He has painted dogs belonging to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Bill Sikes, as well as those of other eminent personages. Her most Gracious Majesty was so pleased with his portrait of her favourite pug, Windsor Marco, that she immediately bestowed upon him, as a mark of her appreciation, her own likeness, in the shape of a penny postage stamp. Chiefly because he is a smart young painter Latham was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him January 7th, 1893.—*Debrett's Improved.*



"Wot yer say? Call yerself Tommy Atkins? I call yer Tommy Hot!"



First Academy Johnnie. Charming little thing, isn't it?
Second Academy Johnnie. Yass! Rather a tricky bit of painting, though.
[And do you think they were alluding to the pictures? P'raps not.]



First Villager. Shockin' thing! Bliker died o' sunstroke last week!
Second Villager. Why, man alive, it's never been 'ot enuff!
First Villager. That be blowed! His eldest boy hit 'im on the 'ol with a hammer! If that ain't sunstroke, I should just like to know wot is!

AT THE INDUSTRIES.



Ethel. What do you think of the Exhibition, Harry?
Harry. Not much; the whisky's so bad.



Hold, Mad Margate. Prithce, fair Shepherdton, I am a wandering sheep. Canst thou not take me into thy flock?
Shepherdess. Nay, fair sir, nay; thou art too black a sheep for me!



"Dear me, another explosion in London! It's hardly safe to live anywhere but in the quiet of the country."

A SHADY BUSINESS.



(1)



(2)



(3)



(4)



(5)



(6)

(1) Host. Well, if you really must go, Chuckler, my boy, take care of yourself, for my sake. You've a long walk before you, you know, and you're rather—er—tired, eh?
Chuckler. Don't you stress yourself on my account, oh!—hie!—chap. I may be short-sighted 'bout my specs, an' I may be 'scaudfully tight, but when it comes to walking—I'm the most magnificent polestrian in the world!—hie! Goo' ni!
(2) "No, by gum! there's no one can touch me at this game! Shpleni! night! Dright as day! Who the deuce 's this little dark chap walkin' beside the wall? Shoems to be in a—hie!—hurry, too! Soon leave him behind!—(3) "Shay, guv'nor, tryin' to walk against me, aren't you? Look here, I'll walk you for a bottle

of fix to the next mile post but one! You're willing, are you? Right! Done with you!—(4) "Now we're busy! I'm gaining on him! Hi! drop that! Thush, n-e-t fair 'too an' heel' walkin'! I see your knees bendin'! You're cheating! Come back!—(5) "I saw you bolt round the corner! Wait till I catch you, you wretchin' vagabond! I'll knock the stuffin' out of you!" BASH! Scavenger Sam (the poor traveller). "Eip! Perlice! Murder!—(6) The cold, grey dawn found them still at it. Sam said afterwards that he took his adversary to be some new kind of poor law officer, and trembled for his hard-earned savings. Chuckler now avoids making walking matches with mysterious strangers by moonlight.

THE LADIES' INVASION



The way to substantiate the claim to ride in smoking carriages—and they'll do it, too.

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED



Frederica.

A NECESSARY POSTPONEMENT.



"Why, Dottie, I thought you were going to be married." "So I was, and the banns were put up and everything, but as we didn't get any presents we've put it off till times are better."